SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN

HIDE AND SEEK;

OR, THE

SLIPPERS.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT;

IN

TWO ACTS,

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

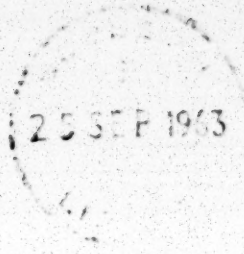
LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE Logographic Press.

MDCCLXXXIX.

Vet. A5 e. 4049

Bt from J Rothwell



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT BELLEGARDE,	—	Mr. *Johnſtone.*
MICHAEL,	— —	Mr. *Bernard.*
PUMP,	— —	Mr. *Edwin.*
HANZ,	— —	Mr. *Blanchard.*
BRIGADIER,	— —	Mr. *Darley.*
BARONESS,	— —	Miſs *Reynolds.*
VIOLETTA,	— —	Miſs *Wewitzer.*
MARGARET,	— —	Mrs. *Mattocks.*

SONGS, &c.

SONG I.

BRIGADIER.

HARK, the drum, each boſom firing,
Sounds the praiſe of glory's charms!
Hark, the trumpet's ſound inſpiring,
Conqueſt courts you to her arms.
Wives and ſweethearts leave behind ye,
Abſence love's beſt friend is found;
Think that doubly bleſt they'll find ye,
With triumphant laurels crown'd.

CHORUS—Hark the drum, &c.

SONG

SONG II

BARONESS.

Ah! wou'd that my poor heart,
  Had ne'er the tortures known,
Which jealous fears impart,
  Where love has rais'd his throne!
Oh! love then diſappear,
  I dread thy magic form,
For, tho' no ſun-ſhine cheer,
  I ſhall not feel the ſtorm.

SONG III.

COUNT.

To the generous breaſt is ſuſpicion a ſtranger,
  With caution the wiſe his approaches permit;
Ah hear him not whiſper your peace is in danger,
  All joy flies the heart which that gueſt can admit.

The lover his miſtreſs ſhould ſtrive to believe,
If ſhe knows you ſuſpect her, perhaps ſhe'll deceive;

The

The hint of ſuſpicion, 'tis danger to own,
And doubt's beſt retreat is in ſilence alone.

To the generous breaſt, &c.

SONG IV.

PUMP.

A pretty damſel's eyes I vow,
Do with me what they will;
I look, I feel, I can't tell how,
And quite forget my bill.
Tho' from my work I never ceaſe,
Yet is ſo little paid,
That, ſhou'd my cuſtom thus increaſe,
Faith, I muſt leave off trade.
Fal lal de lal,
Faith, I muſt leave off trade.

II.

Then boots I make to fit ſo pat,
For many a jovial ſoul,
So I drink with this—and I drink with that,
But ſeldom touch the cole.
Tho' from my work, &c.

QUINTETTO.

MARGARET, COUNT, BRIGADIER, HANZ, and MICHAEL.

MARGARET.

Go, go ſilly boy, too ſoon you'll repent,

COUNT and BRIG.

Oh no, with his lot he is content.
Hold up your head, Sir, higher.

COUNT.

Can he reſt, preſent and fire?

BRIGADIER.

Yes, he can fire.
This ſhoulder further back;
Alack!
He has not yet the knack;
But depend on me, Sir;
Soon a change you'll ſee, Sir.

BRIGADIER and HANZ.

Now for the wars, for the wars, boys, huzza!

HANZ.

Good ſtep-mamma, adieu—with you I will not ſtay.
My father, poor ſoul! need not roam;
You'll find him wars enough at home.

MARGARET.

The price of imprudence I find to my coſt!
Should my huſband ſuſpect me, alas, I am loſt!

COUNT.

Rely on my care—you'll find me your friend,
Take courage, my dear, on my prudence depend.

MARGARET.

Oh, can entreaties charm you?

COUNT.

Let not your fears alarm you.

MICHAEL.

Nothing, dear Ma'am will harm you:

COUNT.

Depend on my honour, I pray.

HANZ.

Oh, how a battle would charm me!
No danger ſhall e'er alarm me.
The dragoons for ever! Huzza!

END OF ACT I.

ACT

This Song is omitted

A C T II.

S O N G VI.

PUMP.

REPUTATION is a ſhoe,
Women all ſhould wear it;
Great caution faith is due,
A falſe ſtep may tear it.
Coquettes all ſlip-ſhod are,
So ſlattern-like they chuſe it;
Too looſe the ſhoe, without great care,
One's very apt to loſe it.
Heigh-ho!—

II.

Prudes exultation feel,
At low heels they grumble;
But ſhe who has the higheſt heel
Is moſt apt to tumble.

Fine

Fine ſhoes are like fine dames,
Whoſe own folly ſpoils them,
I don't chooſe to mention names,
But the dirt of ſcandal ſoils them.
Heigh-ho!—

III.

Who'd, in the dirty ſtreets,
Riſk a ſhoe of ſattin,
Where dangers dire you meet,
Without clog or patten?
A huſband, tho' he's but a clog,
Keeps off what would dirt you,
And, if he's not a ſhabby dog,
Defends his wife's virtue.
Heigh-ho!

SONG VII.

PUMP.

When firſt I fell in love with my ſweet little pretty Peggy Pump,
I never humm'd nor ha'd, but aſk'd her the queſtion plump.

An

An anſwer ſtraight ſhe ſc wl'd, concluding the
kind letter-a —
With, till death us do part, I will be your
Et cetera.

II.

Lord, how ſhe bluſh'd when the parſon aſk'd if
ſhe'd be my wife!
With what grace did I give her my hand to make
her bleſt for life!
Oh, you wou'd ne'er have forgot, had you that
day met her a—
Such teeth, cheeks, hair, neck, lips, hands, arms,
feet, Et cetera!

III.

And now, with my loving ſpouſe, I live at home
in clover,
And ſhe knows not a word that ſtill I am a
rover;
But mum's the word for that; each day ſhe loves
me better-a—
So I cal her duck, and dear, and we toy and kiſs,
Et cetera.

SONG

SONG VIII.

HANZ.

In the exerciſe manual we heroes go thro',
Of ſhoulder your firelock—preſent—fire—boo!
I don't know how it is, tho' I make ſhift to paſs
I can exerciſe beſt with the bottle and glaſs.
Then haſte to the camp—for as long, d'ye ſee,
As good wine is commander, a ſoldier I'll be.

II.

So profound my reſpect to good wine, that I doubt
I may chance to deſert when the bottles are out;
Yet the braveſt muſt ſometimes the battle decline,
And I'll fight my boys to the laſt drop of wine.
Then hey for the camp, &c.

III.

III.

If wine gives us courage—the warrior's chief
boaſt—
Surely he's the beſt ſoldier who tipples the
moſt;
And ſhould I get tipſey, thus much I will ſay,
That when I can't ſtand, I will ne'er run away.
Then hey for the camp, &c.

SONG IX.

BARONESS.

The mind of native worth poſſeſt
All ornament's aſſiſtance ſcorns,
In candor's ſimple garb is dreſt,
And by itſelf, itſelf adorns.

SONG X.

COUNT.

See the gay troop advancing,
Amid the dazzling ſnow;
Each heart with pleaſure dancing,
Behold the brilliant ſhew:
A thouſand

A thouſand lights appear,
And blaze a ſecond noon;
The trumpet, horn, baſſoon,
Surprize the raviſh'd ear;
While all around
Echoes repeat the ſound.

Pleaſures every ſenſe employ
In this feſtival of joy;
Each gilded ſledge, poſſeſt
Of beauty, ſhines a ſtar;
Deck'd by its lovely gueſt,
Is love's triumphant car.
See the gay, &c.

FINALE.

COUNT.

Away with dull care, we heed not his frowns;
Let mirth and good humour the moments employ;
To ſee others happy my happineſs crowns,
In the ſmiles of my friends is my ſunſhine of joy.

CHORUS.

Away with dull care, &c.

PUMP.

PUMP.

The Count wou'd, I'm ſure, grant the favour with pleaſure,
Yet to give him that trouble I am not inclin'd;
Of your heart and your foot let me keep the meaſure,
No cauſe for complaint ſhall my Peggy e'er find.

BARONESS.

My honeſt friend, Pump, I'd have you take warning,
If gratis to make ladies ſhoes you prefer,
Mrs. Pump may remember what happened this morning,
And trouble the Count to make ſlippers for her.

CHORUS.

Away with dull care, &c.

FINIS.

James Brodie

Brodie

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